Gods ſending that way, for it is ſaide, God ſends a curſt cow ſhort hornes, but to a cow too curſt, he ſends none.

Leonato So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no hornes.

Beatrice Iuſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen!

Leonato You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice What ſhould I do with him, dreſſe him in my apparell and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me, and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him, therefore I will euen take ſixpence in earneſt of the Berrord, and leade his apes into hell.

Lenoato Well then, go you into hell.

Beatrice No but to the gate, and there will the diuell meete me like an old cuckold with hornes on his head, and ſay, get you to heauen Beatrice, get you to heauen, heeres no place for you maids, ſo deliuer I vp my apes and away to ſaint Peter: for the heauens, he ſhewes me where the Batchellers ſit, and there liue we as merry as the day is long.

brother Well neece, I truſt you will be rulde by your father.

Beatrice Yes faith, it is my coſens duetie to make curſie and ſay, father, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make an other curſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſe me.

Leonato Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice Not til God make men of ſome other mettal then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouer-maſterd with a peece of valiant duſt? to make an account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: Adams ſonnes are my brethren, and truely I holde it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leonato

Leonato Daughter, remember what I told you, if the prince do ſolicite you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beatrice The fault will be in the muſique coſin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is meaſure in euery thing, and ſo daunce out the answer, for here me Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty like a Scotch ijgge (and ful as fantaſticall) the wedding manerly modeſt (as a meaſure) full of ſtate and aunchentry, and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, til he ſincke into his graue.

Leonato Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice I haue a good eie vnckle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leonato The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſer, or dumb Iohn.

Pedro Lady will you walke about with your friend?

Hero So, you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro With me in your company.

Hero I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero When I like your fauour, for God defend the lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro My viſor is Philemons roofe, within the houſe is Ioue.

Hero Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro Speake low if you ſpeake loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne ſake, for I haue many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my praiers alowd.

Bene.